

"God Particle" lyrics

## Army Of The Pharaohs Lyrics

### "God Particle"

Back to the hardcore!

*[Vinnie Paz:]*

Intelligent infinity, malevolent epitome  
They consider me as the most deadly weapon from Italy  
That'll include the Benelli semi-auto artillery  
Literally cryogenically treated to be invisibly  
Symphony slicker than sixty Sicilianos from Sicily  
Motherfuckers talking but never gonna do shit to me  
I'm about to set it on motherfuckers officially  
Rip they spine out and just put them out of they misery  
No more mister nice guy, everything maliciously  
Who can stop me now you with Luca Brasi where fishes be  
It's impossible that you're righteous without the dignity  
If it's a problem you motherfuckers can come and visit me

*[Planetary:]*

Super humanity gradually back from my galaxy  
Burning them calories, I'm still yearning to earn a salary  
The son of anarchy, I'm in court pleading insanity  
Can it be all the panicking and agony that's trapping me?  
Tragically introducing you rappers to tragedy  
Happily ever after if after means you a casualty  
Praise those who savagely sacrifice their reality  
Bury bones and annually dig them up unhappily  
Catch me flossing dead in the center of gravity  
Bonafide, a mix of Maxi Priest and the Maccabees  
My mentality manipulating your mastery  
The master, disaster strikes whatever's in back of me

*[Esoteric:]*

Playtime is over, daytime is over  
The finest soldiers, take nines from holsters  
My only weapons: canines and cobras  
We diamond poachers, we take your shine, we some mind controllers  
My rhyme is solar-flaring, airing out the kind below us  
You know Lois Lane - know my name  
I'm throwing flames at your brain like Ghost Rider  
My flow's tighter, I'm Blakey Griffin with an open lane  
My foe is Bane, my flow is Betsy Ross off the Zolof: so insane  
I'm over-trained in hand-to-hand and man-to-man my hammers land and can ya fam  
I'm a brutal rapper, you're a Chutes & Ladders  
Candyland emcee, I'm completely AOTP 'til the death  
Esoteric zombie-killer taking out whatever's left

*[Planetary:]*

You're mad 'cause the army's here

Top to bottom army gear  
Gunshots is all you hear  
Death come to all who's near  
We're running through the village killing, building a regime  
Heavy unstoppable  
Crown of thorns form, we ready

When playtime's over I'll take your mind back to the hardcore

*[Apathy:]*

The God particle, Armageddon weapons in my arsenal  
I'm the real deal, fuck an Alex Jones article  
Heart is arctic cold, my murders are nautical  
Murk you in the murky depths where the screams aren't audible  
Salutations, standing over the body salivating  
Was kicked out of hell 'cause I wouldn't bow to Satan  
I'm the boss, I turn your albums off  
I turn your brain to apple sauce, my wingspan is like an Albatross  
Out the frost, mouth spewing out exhaust out come the claws  
Power force that can blow the tops of mountains off  
Blow the head of cowards off, you'll get carried off  
Y'all as soft as fairies buried in terrycloth

*[Celph Titled:]*

In '94 I dreamt of spreading Salt-n-Pepa's legs  
But I was busy playing dodgeball with severed heads  
Conducting chaos with a chrome baton  
So sound the smoke alarm  
'Cause overall I broke your arms  
And kicked your ass with loafers on  
Homeboy this HK settle wars  
I'm a dragon, you're a faggot with a tape measure sword  
Celph Titled is a motherfucking problem  
With germs that are infectious  
Attack like German Shepherds while acid dissolve 'em  
I got the ratchet - I blast it  
You got a ratchet, but you keep it in your jacket  
Undercover brother on your album cover trying to look like you crazy  
When your theme song should be Aerosmith, "Dude (Looks Like a Lady)"

*[Planetary:]*

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